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FAREWELL TO INDIA

(A Book of Poems)

BY
Mrs. K. C. Rawlinson

Published for
CHRIST CHURCH SCHOOL
LUCKNOW

Birla House.

Tread softly! This is hallowed ground,
Here, saint and martyr fell,
Here, laid he down his mighty life,
For the Land he loved so well.
Here, rivers of tears have fallen,
Here, Hopes were smitten low,
Here, sorrow plumbed its deepest depth,
Here, truly there was woe;
Yet here, with the prayers that were uttered,
From a heart so free from guile:—
Here can no bitterness abide,
From here must go forth Love's Smile.
Yes, from here, spread wide the gospel
Of Unity, Love and Peace:—
Spread it with hands stretched in friendship,
With labour that shall not cease;
Imprint its lesson deeply
On Future India's Brain,
That the blood here shed so freely,
Might not have been shed in vain,
That the glory of Ind's great martyr
Might reap a harvest true,
When History tells the story
Of what he tried to do.
Then, rise from the depths of despondence,
To the summit of Hope held high,
Have faith in the future of India,
For which he was content to die.



To an Old Beggar.



face of many wrinkles,
O limbs with scars untold;
What tales of patient suffering
Could thy dumb lips unfold;
As, Sunday after Sunday,
Thou totterest to my door,
Each week I sadly wonder,
"Shall I e'er see thee more" ?
Yet, Sunday after Sunday,
Thou totterest up again,
Thy palsied limbs all shaking
In illness or in pain.
Come rain, come hail, come sunshine,
Come anything that may,
I know that thou'l come with them,
Some time of each Sunday,
For years I've put my annas
Into thy empty bowl,
For years I've prayed God's mercy
On thy simple childlike soul.
I cannot help but wonder,
Once I have gone away,
Who'll await thy constant coming
To my gate on each Sunday



The Sunday Visitor

To my Cook



f all the friends I leave behind,
There's none I shall miss more,
Than my dear old cook, Ram Charan-
Yes, him I'll miss full sore.;
For he's watched my family growing,
Has been ayah, friend and guide,
And my babes are ne'er so happy,
As when he is by their side
Tempting their jaded appetites,
Or joining in their fun,
Beguiling the hours with stories
When his work in the kitchen is done.
Though Sorrow has oft-times caught him,
In its swiftly cruel race,
Not a shadow of it ravages
His pleasantly ugly face.
His simple, pure philosophy
I would that I could make
My own, when grief overtakes me,
As my journey through life I take,
His stoicism so astounds me,
I think that of him might have been
Spoken the words of the Poet,
"Thou'ret a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

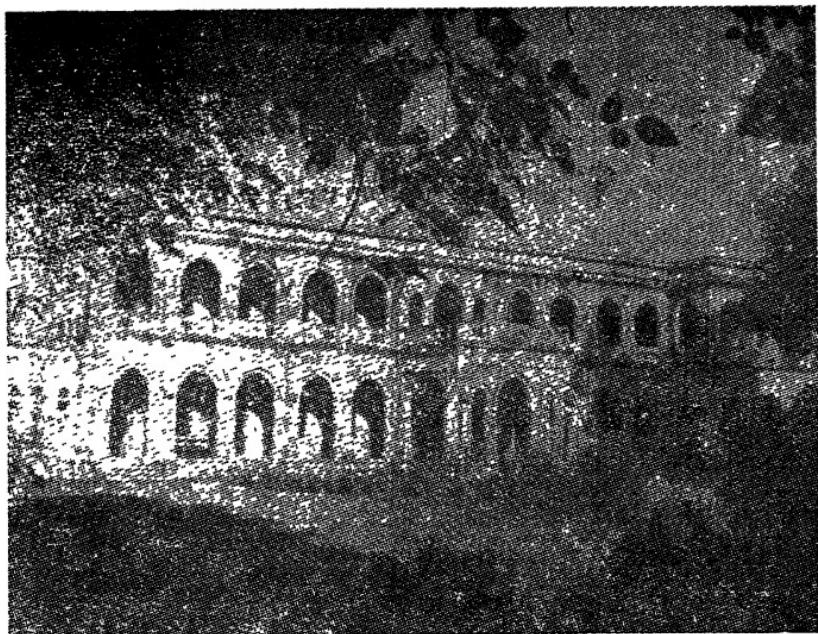
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S o what though my daily account book.
 Shows clearly what Cookie "makes"!
 I comfort myself with the knowledge
 That he gives far more than he takes,
 Unstintingly too has he given,
 Of labour, of time, company,
 Till now we almost regard him
 As one of the family,
 To us he's the dearest Khansamah
 To be found upon this earth,
 No certificate I could give him,
 Could properly show his true worth.
 As nightly, before going homeward,
 The kids call, "Khansamah God Bless!"
 He answers the same to them always,
 His very voice a caress.
 No day is complete without him
 So that, now as we onward go,
 How we're going to manage without him.
 I really do not know;
 But as with all the future,
 That remains to be seen,
 I shall end with the words of the Poet,
 "Thou'rt a better man than I am, Gunga Din!"

To my School.

When work is joy, then joy is work,
Or so I've always found
In the many happy years I've spent
In my School's pleasant ground.
I've watched her grow from Infancy,
As stone on stone was laid,
Till in all her finished splendour
She stood complete, arrayed
Like a mother fondly waiting
The coming of her young,
To fill her rooms with laughter,
To hear her praises sung.
As year has followed after year,
I've Watched her numbers grow,
Till now nigh on three hundred
Do daily come and go,
To grasp from Alma Mater.
All that will make them wise,
Teach them to be good citizens,
Teach them to use their eyes,
Teach them to know right early
Values of right and wrong,
Teach them the virtue of health and strength,
The joy of laughter and song.

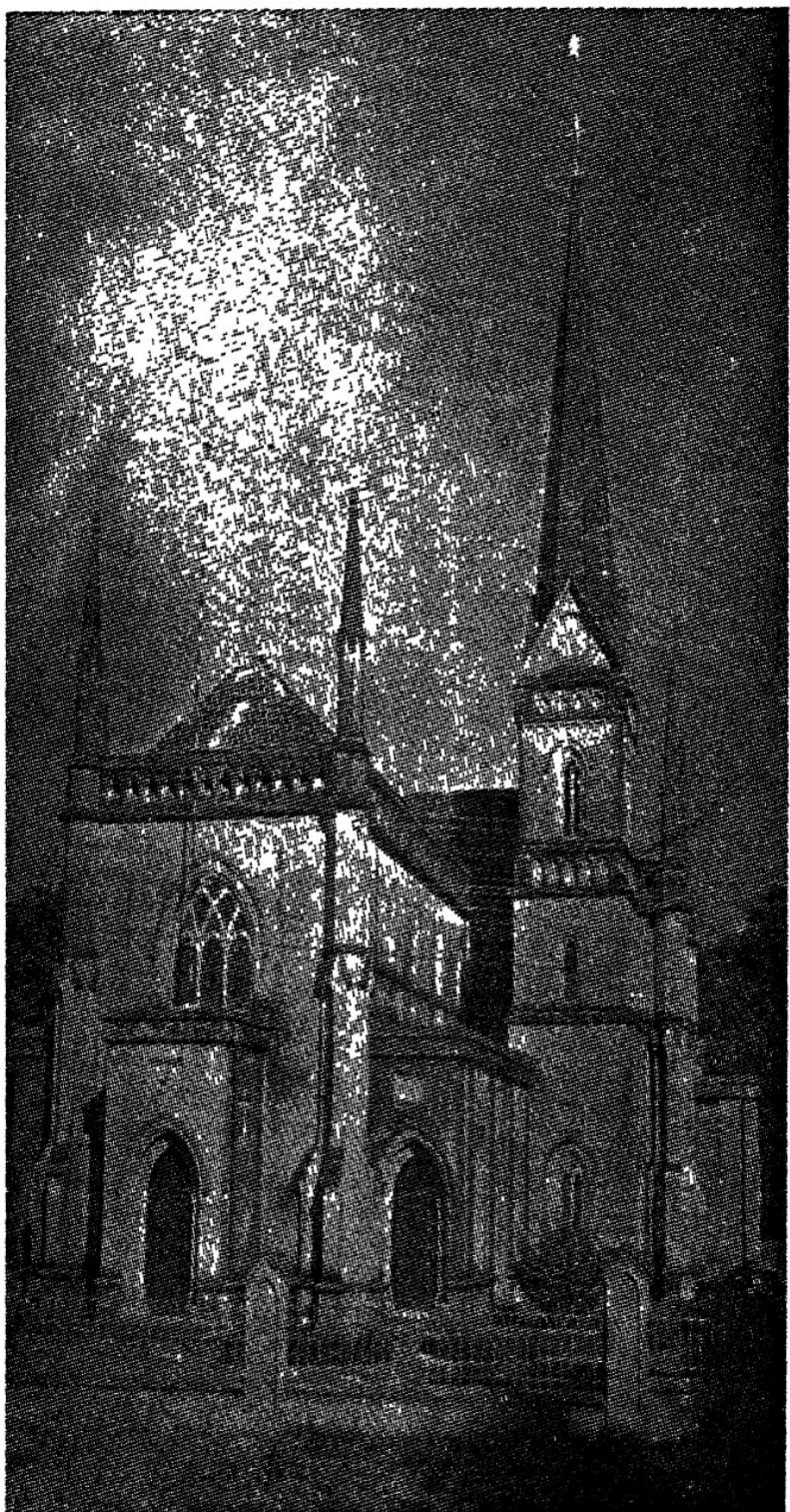




And now, my School, I leave you,
For other hands to guide,
For other minds to shape you,
For other lips to chide
Your childish faults and errors,
Your carefree, thoughtless ways,
Helping you grow from childhood,
To manhood's sterner ways.
May the Grace of God be with you,
In all the years to be,
May you grow great in wisdom
And in Prosperity.
May those who leave your portals,
Through each succeeding year,
Prove ever worthy citizens
Of Thee and of India;
That thy name be ever honoured,
As every School's should be,
That thy teachings bear rich harvest
Throughout this great Country.

To my Church

O sacred walls of Christendom,
O rafters that have rung,
With praise to God the Father,
With love of God the Son-
May India's sons and daughters,
Still realise thy good,
Still feel that thou providest
The best of Heavenly Food;
Still may the true and faithful,
Find sanctuary in thy door,
The Peace that passeth understanding
That thou givest for evermore.
May thy walls still ring with praises
May thy children spread the news,
"Good will towards all mankind",
To refill thy emptying pews
With newly won disciples,
New soldiers of the Cross,
Holding fast to Christ's own teaching,
Counting all gain as loss,
Save the gain that leads them upward
To the all-embracing love,
Through the travail of this earthly world
To the joys of life above



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